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Woven Thoughts

BY
MRS. R. C. GUERIN



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Dedicated
to my
dear
friend
Mrs. W. B. Croy

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Woven Thoughts.



LOYALTY.

King Edward wears the Empire's crown
And its royal sceptre wields,
For Justice, Right, and Honour
Are engraven on its shield—
Head of a nation true and brave—
For a Briton never will be a slave.

The watch-dog guards the Union Jack
With never failing zeal;
Long may it wave o'er land and sea
'Mid hearts as true as steel.
But if the watch-dog sleeps, beware!
For what he has he holds—Take care!

The lion, tired of blood and war,
Would fain be like a lamb,
And holding out his rugged paw
In peace to all the land.

But, though tame, he is there—ah! yes, take care!—
And is guarding the Empire, so beware!

For a soldier's boast and a soldier's toast
Is Country, Flag, and King,
As with sword in hand he takes his stand,
And this you'll hear him sing,
“As long as the Union Jack flies high,
For Country, Flag, and King I'll die.”

And a soldier is ready when duty calls,
Ready to do and dare;
From Scotland bold and Emerald Isle,—
All are ready to do their share,
And fight for the Empire, Flag, and King,
While “On to victory!—on!” they sing.

Our Canadian boys, and Australian, too,
Are brave and bold and free;
For a soldier's a soldier all over the world,
And he fights for victory;
And the blood of some has watered the earth,
No matter what land has given them birth.

May the lion and dog lie peacefully down,
And the Old Flag fly serene
During kind Edward the Seventh's reign,—
All guarding our King and Queen.
And now let all the Empire sing,
“ Long live our Queen ! long live our King ! ”



EDWARD VII.



OUR OWN
CANADIAN
BOYS.

"FAREWELL"—OCT. 30, 1899.

We have bidden them Godspeed
With a right good British cheer,—
Our own Canadian boys, friends,
Who have left those near and dear

To uphold their country's honour,
The land of the Maple Leaf,
And fight for the dear old Union Jack ;
Though their hearts are sore with grief

For the dear ones they have left,
And the thought of what may be
Ere they return to their loved ones dear
From afar across the sea.

Their country called to arms,
And they, as you have seen,
Responded with their brave, true hearts,—
Those soldiers of the Queen.

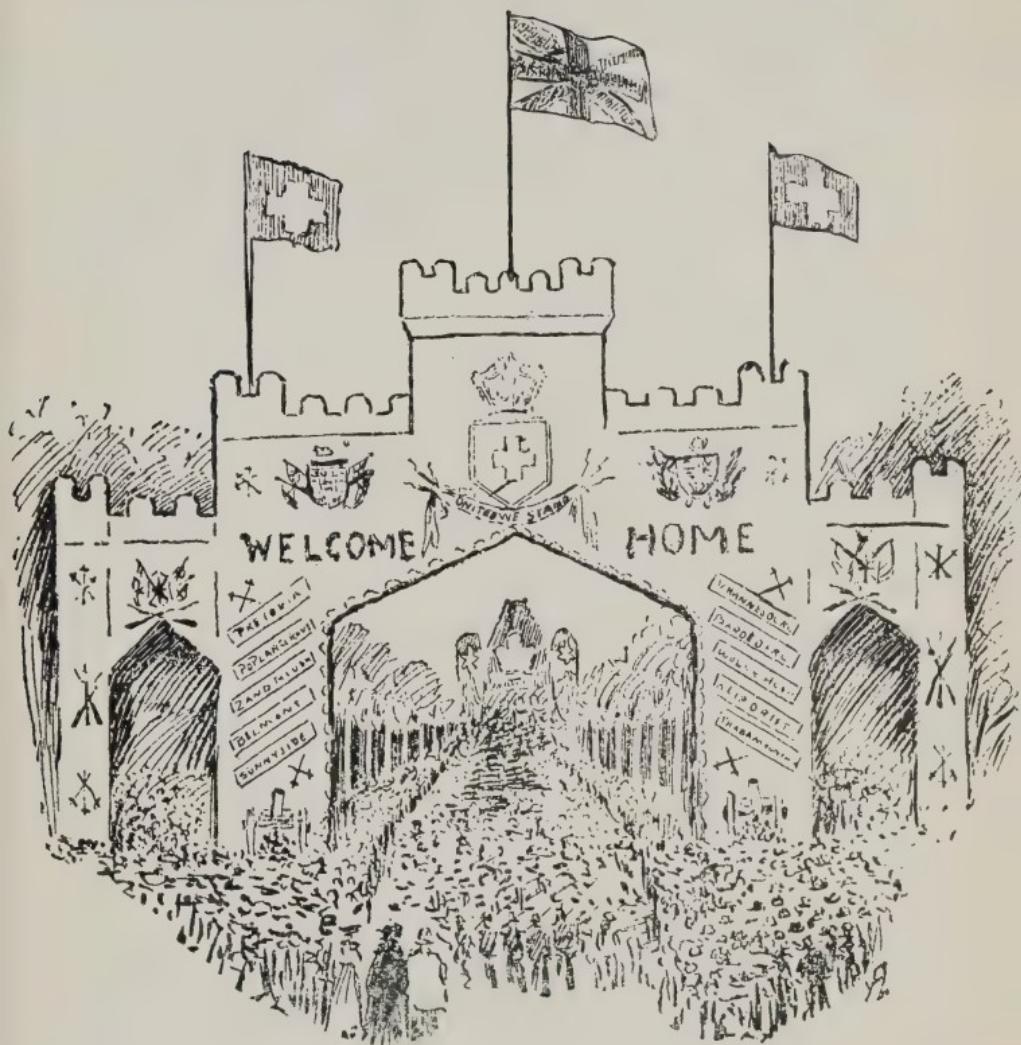
The Thistle, Shamrock, and the Rose,
Are fighting side by side ;
The Maple Leaf will soon entwine,
Our emblem and our pride.

They will do their duty nobly ;
Their motto is “Do or Die,”—
Our bonnie boys from Canada,—
Or they’ll know the reason why.

Then let us do our duty, too,
And give the “widow’s mite”
To help the dear ones they have left
While fighting for the right.

Let us pray that God will bless them
'Mid the battle's din and noise,
And help them in that awful hour,—
Our own Canadian boys.

And pray that soon the cry of peace
Be ringing through the land ;
God bless and bring them all safe home,
Our dear Canadian band!



WELCOME HOME!

(NOVEMBER 5TH, 1900.)

Give the boys a glorious welcome!

They deserve it, one and all,—
The boys that answered "Ready!"

At the sound of bugle call.

Let the cheers be long and loud ;
Let them see we're very proud
 Of the boys that fought for
 Country, Flag, and Queen.

Let the air be filled with cheering,
 And the dear old Union Jack
Proudly float from every house-top
 Our brave boys to welcome back ;
And while the bands are playing
Let us all be hip-hurrahing,
 And give them three times three--
 These soldiers of the Queen.

They have heard the din of battle ;
 They have seen their comrades fall ;
But ready, ever ready,
 At the sound of bugle call,
Our Canadians, nothing daunted,
O'er the veldt and kopje vaulted.
 “On, Canadians !” was their cry,
 “On to victory or die !”

For the honour of the Maple Leaf
 They had within their keeping ;
And the Empire found that Canada
 Was neither dead nor sleeping.

They found our boys knew how to fight
And wanted nothing but their right,
Though "absent-minded beggars"
They may be.

They have shown all other nations
What Canadians can do;
There is nothing they're afraid of,
And they're brave right through and through.
So give them a royal welcome back—
Our brave Canadian boys,
The boys who fought for the Union Jack,—
Our own Canadian boys.

And the boys who met a soldier's fate,
Who sleep in their lonely graves,
Who shed their blood
For the Empire's cause
That Britons might never be slaves,—
For Victory their lives they gave.
All honor, then, to a soldier's grave,
To the boys that will never come home.



1837—OUR QUEEN, GOD BLESS HER.—1897

JUBILEE.

Sixty years have dawned and waned
Since our honoured Queen has reigned ;
What hopes and fears, what smiles and tears,
Has she passed through in all these years !

How nobly has she held the crown
O'er all the world, now so renowned ;
That kindly heart, those noble traits,
That scorn to harm and hurt and hate.

But with a firm and gracious hand
Upholds the right throughout the land ;
And she, our honest love has bought
By all the lessons she has taught :—

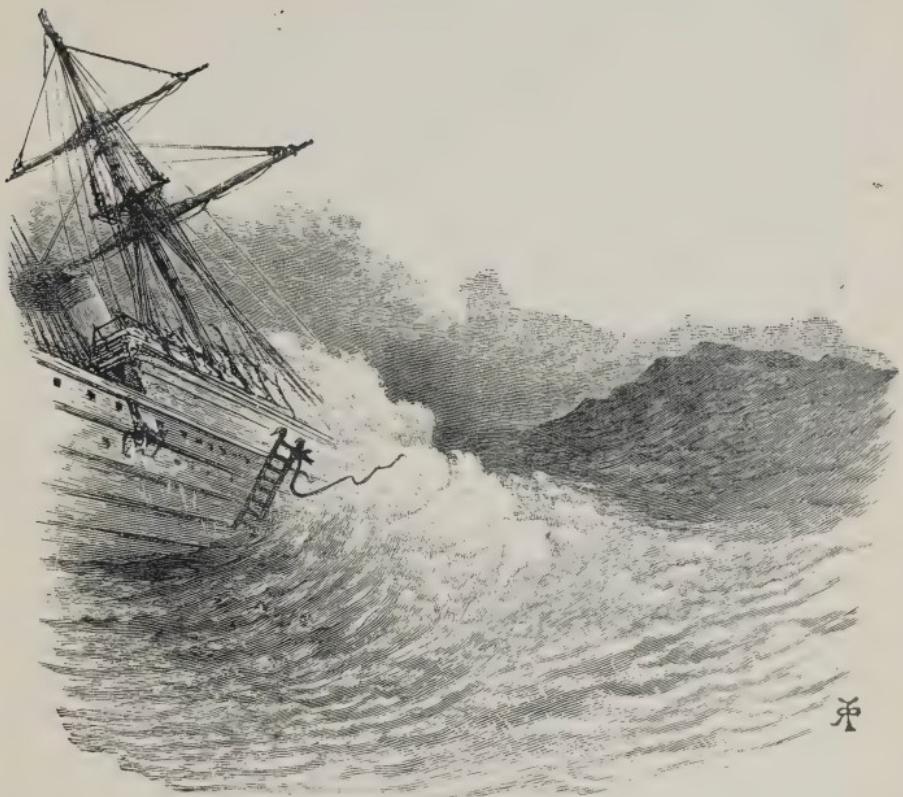
Of kindness to the sick and poor
When travelling o'er the fen and moor,
Or visiting the soldier brave
So soon to lie within his grave.

Now well 'tis known in every clime
Her motherhood has been sublime,
And kindled close the bonds of love
That every mother seeks to prove.

A woman, though a noble Queen,
We love her whom we have not seen ;
And greetings send o'er land and sea,
On this her diamond jubilee.

Well may we say, “God bless our Queen!”
A nobler one was never seen ;
Thy subjects all, on land and sea,
Worship, love, and honour thee.

Let banners wave and bells ring out ;
Long live our Queen!—rejoice and shout,
And this the toast on every lip,
God bless our Queen with every sip !



WRECK OF THE "ALGOMA."

Another victim of the wind and storm,
The noble ship *Algoma* now is gone :
Wrecked by the waters on whose breast
That noble ship was wont to be caressed.
Alas ! how true.

And oh, my God, how dreadful it must be
To struggle for your life in such a sea,

And hear the cries and groans of those around,
Perhaps by near and dear ties to you bound,
 Yet cannot help !

But list ! dost thou not hear a prayer ?
Ah, yes ; 'twas God they prayed to there,
Knowing full well that only He could save
Or take them to Himself with coming wave,—
 He was their all.

God grant their prayers that night were heard,
Although, perchance, 'twas but a single word ;
As bruised and bleeding, struggling yet to live,
The wave has grasped its prey, one word, "For-
give!"—
 It is their last.

One moment fiercely battling with the waves,
Another all is over, 'tis their graves ;
The wind and waves can do no more,
Their spirits high above them all can soar
 In realms of light.

And those who struggled for their lives and won,
God grant another such may never come !
Brave Captain Moore, long, long may he command
Another vessel with his strong right hand
 And kindly voice,

Then let us often pray for those who sail
And know the furies of the storm and gale ;
And pray that many years may come and go
Before we hear again such tale of woe

As this has been.

“GEM OF THE OCEAN.”

The *Gem of the Ocean* wide,
The home of the sailor brave,
Is a good ship as she rides
Upon the bounding wave ;
If strong and staunch is she
Jack cares not for a storm,
But is happy, gay and free
As he sings his “ye-ho” song.

For a sailor loves to roam
Across the ocean wide
To lands far from his home,
That is a sailor’s pride ;
For his home is on the deep,
And he loves the breeze and gale
As the waves around him leap,
And he heaves “yo-ho” the sail.

When the winds are whistling around
And the good ship's timbers groan,
Then Jack can sleep as sound
As if in bed at home ;
And, perchance, of one he dreams
He has left so far away,
And through his vision gleams
His meeting her some day.

And when the tempests blow
His loved ones far away
Will think of him, I know,
And for their sailor pray ;
Then, here's to the sailor bold
And here's to the ocean free,
And here's to the ship that rides
Across the bounding sea !



NIAGARA FALLS.

How beautiful, grand, and majestic
Are Old Niagara's waters
As we see them tumbling over the brink,
The queen of old Nature's daughters ;
While the silvery spray leaps high with glee
Like fays and elfins dancing,
While the rainbow's hues make fairy views
As the sun on the mist is glancing.

Then the arches seen on the silvery sheen
Are like fairy bridges hung,
While the thundering roar from shore to shore
Seems a canto being sung

By some mighty monster of the deep
 Trying its chains to sever,
But moaning on from day to day
 Forever and forever.

See the *Maid of the Mist* sail calmly on
 Over the foamy waves,
Like some dainty swan with head erect
 Greeting the elfs and fays ;
Then, once more courtesying her adieus
 'Mid old Niagara's roar,
She turns about and skims along
 To old Niagara's shore.

Now see the white waves wrestling
 And the foamy billows rise,
As 'twere a race to reach their place !
 Hark to their rushing cries
As battling fiercely for their rights,
 While nature bounds them on
Over rocks and caves and foamy waves,
 They sing their mystic song !

You see the caves and foamy waves
 All framed with emerald green,
And you gaze and gaze with wondering eye
 On this beautiful, magic scene ;

And you feel such a tiny atom
As you look on its power and might,
And you know it will live in your memory—
This beautiful, wonderful sight.

Then the water down the river glides
As if glad of a moment's rest,
Calmly, quietly, flowing along
With the foam upon its breast ;
Knowing that soon will the battle be on
When it reaches the rapids below,
To be tossed and whirled by a giant hand—
But onward it still must go,

Throwing thousands of sparkling drops
Up, up to the glistening sun,
Like a child at play on a summer day
In its frolicsome, eager fun ;
Then down again through the rocky Gorge
With many a rush and quiver,
Taking its message out into the lake,
Bidding good-bye to the river.

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THE "MAID OF THE MIST."

Across the broad Atlantic
Some vessels ply their trade,
But o'er Niagara's foamy breast
There plies the little *Maid*.

Like captive bird at last set free
She skims from shore to shore,
Through foam and wave, past rock and cave,
'Mid old Niagara's roar.

As staunch a little craft is she
As ever bore a crest,
A fairer sight you ne'er could see
As she sails from east to west.

So now, hurrah ! we wish her luck,
And my advice is this :
When to Niagara Falls you go
Take a trip on the *Maid of the Mist.*

SONG OF WELCOME TO THE OLD BOYS.

Written for the Hamilton Old Boys, August 12th, 1903.

Tune: “Home, Sweet Home.”

The wanderers are returning
To old familiar scenes,
Their hearts and memories yearning
With unforgotten dreams ;
Their eyes light up with gladness,
Their hearts are filled with joy,
As kindly voices greet them
With, “Welcome home, old boy !”

CHORUS.—Hands clasped in friendship’s name—
Where is a word more kindly,
More worthy of its name ?

Though other lands may claim them
And far from us they roam,
There is a kindly feeling,
For this was once their home ;—

The Mountain for a background,
Framed in by beach and bay,
Where can you find a lovelier spot
Than Hamilton to-day?

We care not from what country
Or land they may have come,
We still extend our greetings
Of kindly welcome home.
We hope that peace and plenty
Your motto still shall be,
And on the home that shelters you
One word—Prosperity.

When thoughts are rushing o'er you
Of loved ones passed away,
And memory brings before you
Full many a happy day,
Still sing that song of sweetness,
That dear old song of home,—
They know its full completeness,
They've reached their last long home.

Good-bye will soon be spoken,
And friends will have to part ;
Let links that once were broken
Be joined within thy heart.

We send a kindly greeting
To friends where'er they be ;
Our emblem ?—it is Friendship
Entwined with Unity.

SUNBEAMS.

Composed for Niagara Falls Sunshine Circle, 1902.

Sending a gleam of sunshine
Over the darksome way,
That is what kindly hearts, you know,
Are trying to do to-day.
Sending a tiny sunbeam,
Doing a kindly deed
For some poor, lonely, sorrowful heart ;
Sowing a tiny seed
Of love for all humanity,
Where the ground indeed seemed bare ;
Trying to help them carry
Their burden by taking a share.

Sending a gleam of sunshine
To make the way more bright
For someone groping in the dark,
Looking in vain for light ;

A tiny gleam of sunshine
Let in a darkened room
Will send the ghosts and shadows
Back to their realms of gloom,
And bring a smile of grateful thanks,
Though a tear may dim the eye ;
But the sun will shine the brighter
And bid the shadows fly.

Only a gleam of sunshine,
But oh, what joy it brings !
What a beautiful song to someone
Of truth and love it seems
As on the Master's errands
It silently wends its way,
Doing whatever comes to hand
Quietly, day by day !
Sowing a seed by the wayside
That somebody else may reap,
After the weary traveller
Has quietly gone to sleep.

Then go, little tiny sunbeam,
Like arrow from the bow ;
Go to the sick and weary,
Go to the child of woe,
And take this kindly message
To hearts now filled with pain :

That though the day be dreary
The sun shall shine again ;
For the world is full of kindness,
With hearts both leal and true,
If where to aim the arrow
Those kind hearts only knew.

And that little, tiny sunbeam
Did the work it had to do,
And out of a tiny seedlet
A beautiful blossom grew ;
And it spread its little tendrils
Over the parched-up ground,
Till at last a beautiful garden
In that barren spot was found.
Oh, then, scatter seeds of sunshine
Over the whole wide world ;
Let the words of love and kindness
Be on its banner when unfurl'd.

MUSINGS.

Written for the Toronto Normal School Literary Society, 1897.

Days and weeks glide swiftly by ;
With beating heart and weary sigh
We plod along, with quakes and fears,
And some, alas ! shed bitter tears.

So, like the culprit and the judge,
We must, alas ! not even budge,
But just go on, begin again,
And all our sighs and tears are vain.

For lessons come and lessons go,
And all our hearts are filled with woe ;
Yet all the masters with one voice
Would have us sing, " Rejoice ! Rejoice ! "

The knowledge that so dearly bought,
What olive branches will be taught ?
The pen is mightier than the sword,—
Know ye not that, ye simple horde ?

Then buckle on your armor bright ;
Ope' up your brains, let in the light ;
Then shed its radiance on the young,
And Knowledge will unloose your tongue.

Then little hearts and little eyes
Will think their teacher wondrous wise,
And many little smiles will cheer
The troubles that ye all now fear.

With one accord then let us shout,
" We will not fear ; we will not doubt ;
But strive for honors, one and all,
Then stand it though we win or fall."



A PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN.

Speak kind to the dear little children,
Remember how tender their hearts ;
And words of passionate anger
Oft pierce them with poisoned darts.

Would you have them love and revere you
When you are feeble and old ?
Then give to them love in their childhood,
'Twill repay you a thousand fold.

Remember that each little trouble
Seems to them like a mountain of woe ;
And they often want comfort and counsel
To show them the way they should go.

Don't always scold and chastise them
For each little wrong they have done ;
But sometimes forgive them with kindness,
For often the wrong was but fun.

Remember the words of our Saviour,
“ Let the little ones come unto me ” ;
Then God bless the dear little children
Wherever those children may be.

TO THE LILY.

Beautiful lily, queen of the flowers,
Emblem of virtue to deck Flora's bowers ;
So tall and so stately, with heart of gold,
Heralding spring as thy petals unfold.

All of thy sisters, the violet and rose,
Mingle their perfume with thine as it grows ;
Claim thou art emblem of virtue and love,
Constancy, peace—like the innocent dove.

Beautiful lily, must thy blossom be shorn,
Thy glory depart in the burst of a storm ?
Ah, yes ; 'tis a message of Nature,—decay,—
And thy beautiful blossom must wither away.

So the lily doth weep when the Storm King is near,
And bows her head meekly, tho' quaking with fear ;
Knowing well her white blossom will be ruthlessly
 torn
And cast on the winds in the heart of the storm.

The dear little snowdrop, waking from sleep,
Asks her tall sister : " Ah, why dost thou weep ?
Hast thou not gladdened the heart and the eye
Of many a lonely one ere thou must die ? "

Then spoke the daffodil : " Sweet sister mine,
All of my gold I'd give for heart like thine ;
If some poor lonely heart I can but cheer
Gladly I'll bow my head, sweet sister dear."

Beautiful lily, though thy blossom be dead,
This is the message that blossom has sped ;
Innocence, purity, virtue, and love,
Emblem of all, is the flower that we love.



GOODY TWO-SHOES.

They call me Goody Two-Shoes,
The reason why I'll tell :
Because I love go to school
And learn my lessons well.
I help my mamma all I can,
And errands, too, I bring ;
And when I hear the baby cry,
Why, this is what I sing :

CHORUS.—Oh, hush ! my darling baby,
 Don't shed another tear ;
For sister dear is near you,
 You've nothing now to fear.
Your papa dear will soon be home,
 And kisses then you'll get ;
So dry your eyes, my darling,
 For you're his little pet.

I never slap or tease him,
 Or pull his little nose,
But I always try to please him
 And count his little toes ;
And then he laughs and claps his hands,
 He thinks it is such fun,
And then we both put on our hats
 And to meet papa we run.

So they call me Goody Two-Shoes
 Whenever I go by,
And say I am a dear little girl,—
 And that's the reason why.



OUR DOROTHY.

She is only a dear little baby
Just one year old to-day,
But how much we love our darling
I really must not say.

She is just as full of mischief
As ever she can be ;
And the name of this darling baby
Is little Miss Dorothy.

She plays at peek and pat-a-cake,
And makes such goo-goo eyes ;
She says "papa" and "mamma," too,
And to walk so hard she tries.

Her eyes are as black as midnight,
Her hair is a dusky brown ;
She is the sweetest baby
That ever came to town.

She is her grandpa's darling,—
She kisses him bye-bye,
Then puts her hand over her eyes,
Which means, "I am so shy."

Her aunts and uncles love her,
Of them she has a score ;
But you see I am her grandma,
So, of course, I love her more.

She is her father's treasure,
Her mother's joy and pride ;
May the dear Lord give them health and
strength
Their darling's steps to guide.

May our heavenly Father guide her,
This Dorothy of ours,
And comfort her in sickness
Or sorrow's weary hours.

FAIRY SONG.

We are the fairies so bright and gay,
 We dance in the moonlight hours ;
We sprinkle the dewdrops along the way
 To perfume the lovely flowers.
We send sweet dreams over land and sea,
 Wherever a mortal may chance to be ;
We play with the butterflies, birds, and bees,
 We dance and sing 'neath the old oak trees.

CHORUS.—For we are the fairies so bright and gay,
 We dance in the moonlight hours ;
We sprinkle the dewdrops along the way
 To perfume the lovely flowers.

Hark ! hark ! there is a footstep near ;
Away ! away ! we must not linger here.
Hie we then to the forest shade
And hide us all in our forest glade—
 Good-bye ! good-bye ! good-bye !

KINDERSPIEL.

We are only a few little fairies,
 But oh, we're so happy and gay ;
We roam through the woods the whole day
 long,
We dance and sing our merry song,
 We welcome the flowers of May.

Gaily singing, voices ringing,
 Round and round we merrily glide.
And our hearts are filled with pleasure
 As we dance to happy measure,
 In and out, and side by side.

We are happy as the birdies
 As we darce and sing our song,
 And our eyes are filled with brightness
And our hearts are filled with lightness
 As the echoes bound along.

We sing a welcome to the birdies,
 With their merry little song ;
For they fill the air with gladness,
 Banishing all gloom and sadness,
 Bright and happy all day long.

We sing a welcome to the flowers,
With their lovely perfume sweet ;
For we treasure vanished hours
We have spent in Flora's bowers,
Picking blossoms at her feet.

AN ODE TO SPRING.

Spring is a maiden capricious and flighty,
She rules with a hand that is quite high and mighty ;
But then, she is young and she does what she pleases,
She will and she won't, and oh, how she teases !
You think you have got her and then off she flutters,
And the oh's and the ah's that humanity mutters.

She's a quaint little lass in her mantle of green,
And the birds love her dearly, 'tis plain to be seen ;
She comes with a message, all nature renewing,
And tells every creature to up and be doing ;
The buds and the blossoms she sways at her will,
As she wafts gentle breezes o'er valley and hill.

Once her banners unfurled all nature rejoices,
And millions of insects all lift up their voices ;
King Winter surrenders his sceptre and crown,

And the Spring maiden dons them without fear or
frown ;
So we freely forgive all her whims and her ways,
When we feel all the sweetness of glorious spring
days.

KING WINTER.

King Winter, with his icy breath,
 And garments wreathed in snow,
Is vanquished by a merry maid
 That bids this monarch go :
“ Lay down thy crown and sceptre,
 And loose thine iron bands !
O king, thy reign is over ;
 I issue my commands ! ”

The king, with many a flutter
 And many a weary sigh,
Takes off the crown and sceptre
 And then prepares to die ;
For the sun, with beaming glance,
 Shone on this maiden fair,
Forsook the poor, old, frosty king
 And milder grew the air.

But while the king lay dying
The maid put on the crown ;
Too soon ! too soon !—he waved his hand,
The snowflakes fluttered down.
Then the maiden blew a trumpet,
And all the little rills
Were wakened from their winter sleep
By those sounds and waves of trills.

And all the birdies wondered,
And answered back the note
Of welcome to the maiden
From out each little throat.
And then the flowers listened
From out their winter beds ;
The maiden Spring had come at last ;
They peeped their tiny heads.

And soon this maid, with myrtle green
And breath of forest flowers,
Transforms the forest's silvery sheen
To green and leafy bowers ;
Then all the earth is quickened,
And the scent of blossoms sweet
Fills every heart with kindly love
As the Spring we once more greet.



HAPPY DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

Oh, the happy days of childhood,
When the heart is free from care,
When days are passed in dreamland
Building castles in the air ;
Then all the world seems golden
And the sky is always blue,
And visions float before you
Of the things you mean to do.

When the word "pretend" is not a farce,
With all the joy it brings,
But just the song of a happy heart,
Or the brush of an angel's wings ;
When hope is like a sturdy vine
Budding with leaf and flower,
And tears are but an overflow—
Only a summer shower.

Yes, the happy days of childhood,
When things are what they seem,
And trouble, care, and sorrow
Are but a fleeting dream ;
When the joy of "just a picnic"
Makes your heart beat high with glee,
And you revel in the sunshine,
Picking flowers, chasing bee.

When the love of fun and laughter
Keeps you happy, bright, and gay ;
Ah, if those days of happiness
Would only with us stay,
And we in age be like a child,
With its wealth of spirits light !
Would not this world be happier
Were the old more gay and bright ?

"I LOVE YOU!"

Just three little words, "I love you!"
How sweet, if only true!
Those three little words of magic
Make the sky a brighter blue.

The days may be sad and dreary,
And long and dark the night,
But those three little words, "I love you!"
Will make the world more bright.

When the evening shades are falling
And the nightingale sings sweet,
Ah, then your heart is beating fast,
For your loved one you will meet.

And you know those words of magic
Your loved one said to you;
The nightingale is singing
Those sweet words, "I love you!"

THE STORY THAT IS OLD.

I loved a maiden, she was young and fair,
But this pretty maiden held me in a snare;
I loved her truly, so my heart grew bold,
I told her the story—the story that is old.

CHORUS:

Down in the meadows where the daisies grow
My love and I wandered to and fro ;
'Twas there I told the story, ever old, yet new,
Down in the meadow where the daisies grew.

I plucked a daisy with its leaves of white ;
Everything seemed heavenly, everything seemed
bright ;
I gave her the blossom with its heart of gold,
And asked my love to answer the story that I told.

Then she pulled the white leaves and threw them
on the ground,
The last one loved me truly, her heart of gold I
found ;
And while the gleam of sunset was stealing o'er
the sky
I promised I would love her—yes, love her till I
die.

THE TROUBLES OF A WIFE.

Oh, the troubles of a wife,
And the worry and the strife
When you have a husband
 To please, O dear !
If the girls they only knew
 There would be so very few
That would undertake to rule
 A house—and husband, too.

They think the house must always look
 As neat as any pin ;
But they can throw *their* things around—
 Of course, that's not a sin.
And if you scold or speak a word
 They get in quite a huff,
And tell you in a minute
 That they think you've said enough.

If their dinner is not ready
 When they step inside the door
They give you *such* a look, O my !
 And some might give you more.

And then you have to tell them
That the fire it would not burn,
Or something else,—it matters not ;
You'll very quickly learn.

If their laundry is not ready
And just in its proper place,
They can never, never find a thing
If not right before their face ;
And if that collar button's missing,
Ah, then ! you'd better go,
Or else you'll hear a naughty word,
Worse than "I told you so."

So girls, I give you warning,
When you marry you will find
You'll have to hold the reins quite tight,
But pull them very kind.
You must never lose your temper,
But just do the best you can ;
For you'll find he's not an angel,
But just an ordinary man.

THE BABY.

Who is it wakes you half the night
And you the rascal cannot fight,
Because his mother holds him tight?—

The baby.

And says the darling's getting teeth,
I see them coming underneath,
And then you kiss to soothe his grief?—

The baby.

And when that tooth at last is through,
Who is it looks as if he knew
As much about it all as you?—

The baby.

Who pulls your hair and digs your face
And laughs when you make a grimace,
And wants, I'm sure, your lips to taste?—
The baby.

Who is it loves you with a squeeze,
And then will try its best to tease,
Although he thinks you ought to please?—
The baby.

Who is it wants a drink so bad
And then won't take it, cause he's mad,
Although you call him "naughty lad"?—
The baby.

Who is it cries to get the ball
And when he throws it gets a fall,
And then sets up an awful squall ?—
The baby.

Who is it kicks off all the clothes,
Just as you fall into a doze,
To see his darling little toes? — The baby.

Who is it when let out to play
Will always go the other way,
No matter what you do or say?—

The baby.

Who is it thinks a kiss will stop
The pain whene'er he gets a knock,
While tears are running drop by drop?—

The baby.

Who is it when he first can stand
Is bound to walk without your hand,
And flat upon the floor he'll land?—

The baby.

Who takes off grandpa's "double eyes"
And puts them on, and then he tries
To make you laugh, he looks so wise?—

The baby.

Who is it always kisses get
From every lady he has met,
And called a darling and a pet?—

The baby.

Who is the darling of them all,
Suppose you've more than one to mall,
And kiss and love and make him fall?—

The baby.

Then let the baby have his way ;
His time, like yours, will pass away ;
He'll be a man, we hope, some day—

The baby.

When first into this world you came
You did, I dare say, just the same,
So do not be too quick to blame—

The baby.

—

THE PAPER.

What is it brings you all the news,
Without it you would get the blues,
Although you often it abuse ?—

The paper.

Who tells you of Marriages, Births, and Deaths
All in the very self-same breath,
Of some poor soul of sense bereft ?—

The paper.

It tells of things so full of horror
It makes some almost dread the morrow,
And fills some kindly hearts with sorrow.—

The paper.

O'er all the world it makes you roam,
Though sitting by the fire at home ;
It gives you depth, it gives you foam.—

The paper.

And then when talking politics
It gets things just a little mixed,
Or else perhaps 'tis just its tricks.—

The paper.

O dear ! whatever should we do
For ascertaining something new
Without it ? I don't know, do you ?—

The paper.

It sometimes makes a little blunder,
And then, I'm sure, I shouldn't wonder
If someone at it didn't thunder—

“ Hang the paper ! ”

And if it chances to get torn,
The *Pater familias* might get warm,
And then it brings you down a storm.—

The paper.

It's patronized, you see, by all,—
The rich, the poor, the great, the small ;
When selling it the youngsters bawl—

The paper.

It comes both morning, noon, and night ;
Without it you'd be in a plight,
And then it's fine to make a kite—

The paper.

It's very handy for a bustle,
Or pleases the baby with its rustle ;
It tells of fighting men of muscle—

The paper.

And then it's nice to curl your hair,
Or stuff the cushion of a chair ;
On pantry shelves you'll find it there—

The paper.

You would not do without it if you could ;
You could not do without it if you would ;
So send your name and money as you should—
“ For the Paper.”

HAMILTON, February 20th, 1883.



CANTODENIS.

Composed for the Choir Boys of St. James the Apostle's Hockey Club.

Do you hear their skates a-clinking,
While the girls around are thinking,
Wondering who will win the day?

The Cantoris all are ready,
The Decanis all are steady,
Waiting for the coming fray.

Now the puck is fairly flying ;
Come, Decanis, get a move !
Now, Cantoris, get to trying !—
Whose the best team must be proved.

Hugh has got it !—no, it's Allan !
Someone's tumbled in the snow ;
My ! they're plucky, but who's lucky,—
That, you see, they have to show.

Here they come! my, what a scramble!—

 Harry Allan, Horace, Fred,
Victor, Homer Cheese and Gibson,—
 Down the ice the puck has fled.

Come, Cantoris, what's the matter!—

 Get a hustle, Hugh and Joe,
Robert, Moody, Lester, Willie,
 Hump your backs and make her go!

Scott and Edgar, now for glory,

 Up and down and round they glide;
Now the puck is caught by Glover,
 Through the goal will surely slide.

“ Fly, Cantoris! ” “ Fly, Decanis! ”

 Shouts were ming'ing as they fought;
“ Look out, Allan! ” “ Watch out, Hugh! ”
 Were the words that someone caught.

Now, dear boys, if not victorious,

 Don't forget there's other times
For that hockey game so glorious,
 When your light perhaps may shine.

MONTREAL, January, 1904.

MOUNT ROYAL EUCHRE CLUB.

The winter's gone, the days have fled,
And all the merry nights
When we sat round with queen and king
All waiting for the bell to ring
To start and play, so jolly and gay,
To try and win the prize.

CHORUS.—For we tried to win the prize ;
Yes, we tried to win the prize ;
For the goddess of Luck is noted for pluck,
So we tried to win the prize.

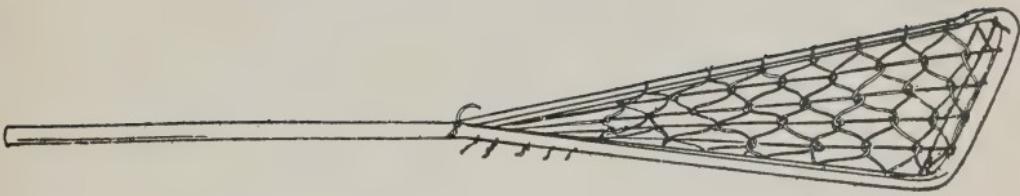
A jollier crowd you never could find
Than belonged to our club Mount Royal ;
And though euchre's the game now noted to fame,
If you don't get the cards you can't win the game,
Though you try to win the prize.

There's Eddys and Smiths, and Ryders and Lotts,
There's Nicholls and Rosses and Guerins,—
All enjoy a good game, and its fun just the same ;
So never say die, for the cards are to blame
If you win the booby prize.

We have a good time wherever we go,
Be it Westmount, Point or Drummond,—
Sometimes to Major Street, all through the snow,
And then to the foot of the mountain we go
To try and win the prize.

So now farewell to the good old times
With their many merry nights,
When we met and laughed and chatted and chaffed,
And ate up the cakes, and the coffee we quaffed,
When we tried to win the prize!

MONTREAL, March 25th, 1903.



LACROSSE.

*Composed expressly for the "Clifton Lacrosse Club," Champions
of the Niagara District.*

Oh, if you want to have some fun
Just go and see lacrosse ;
You'll have a pleasant time, I'm sure,
At very little cost.
They only charge ten cents in town,
In St. Kate's it's twenty-five,
And any one who won't pay that
Why, let them stay outside.

Oh, I could watch the boys for ever
Playing at lacrosse,
And if you want to see some fun
Just take a run across.

I'll tell you how the game is played
If you'll promise not to smile :
They play with sticks twisted up with string
That throw the ball a mile ;

And then there's sticks stuck in the ground
And this they call the goal,
And when the ball goes between the sticks
It's game, for that's the rule.

The ball is faced at three o'clock,
Mr. Hill he then calls play ;
You'll see Frank Menzie pick it up
And throw it right away.
And if the ball should chance to come
Right down to Clifton's goal,
You'll see Jim Lundy pick it up
And throw it back quite cool.

There's Bigger Lef and Bigger Dick,
And Skinner Bob—all try
To put it through their opponents' goal ;
And that's the reason why
They get the game, because they work
Together with a will,
And force it through in spite of all
Their opponents' boasted skill.

There's Captain Dick who trots about
And makes them fly around,
And then they knock and throw and catch,
And sometimes kiss the ground.

George Bigger works with right goodwill,
And so does every man ;
What more can anybody do,
Than do the best they can ?

There's Louis Simmons, Highland Frank,
And Johnny Rankin, too,
Who run and check, and check and run,
And work the ball right through ;
There's Spencer Lundy, Neal, and Guerin,
The defence of Clifton's goal,
Who keep the ball away from it
By keeping very cool.

And now I think I'll say good-bye,
And hope with all my heart
If they should not come out the best
You'll take it in good part,
And not bring out those little slurs
That cut them to the quick ;
But give them yet another chance,
And show them you're a brick.

DR. FERGUSON, M.P.

Hip, hip, hurrah ! for the Doctor,
Again he has won the race
In spite of all the nasty tricks
Of those who tried to bring disgrace.

To make him take a back seat
The Grits could never do,
For the Tories pushed the harder—
They were bound to push him through.

A right loyal, royal gentleman
We proclaim him, one and all,
And he who dares to say us nay
Will only trip and fall.

If all the lights in Parliament
Are half as bright as ours,
The controversy must be keen,
And the sparks fly round in showers.

And we feel that right must always win,
Be it swayed by blue or red ;
So we tried to do our duty
By forging right ahead.

Then, hurrah for Doctor Ferguson !
Our popular M.P. ;
Two hundred and twelve, and by no trick,
Was his majority.

TORONTO, March 5th, 1887.

CANADIANS FOR CANADA.

*Written for Member for Lincoln—E. A. Lancaster, elected
by a majority of 350.*

The watch dogs of old Canada,
The land of the Maple Tree,
Are trying hard to right the wrongs
Where'er these wrongs they see ;
For the motto “Live and let live”
Is trailing in the dust,
While some are piling up the gold
By Corners, Combines, Trusts,

We heard the speech of Lancaster,
And we're surely not so dense,
As not to give an honest vote
To help him climb the fence ;
For that he is the poor man's friend
He has proven to our minds,
And we know he is an honest man,
And that his honor binds.

Him to help the workingman
Who tries to do his best,
But finds it hard to get along
And keep his children dressed ;
For what with taxes, rents, and dues,
And with everything so high,
He scarce can get a roast of beef
Or taste an apple pie.

The world owes us a living,
And this Canada of ours
Is just as full of clever men
As the summer is of flowers ;
And the farmer with his orchard
And his fields of golden grain
Must always find a market,
Or his labor is in vain.

So now, put on your “thinking-cap”
And open up your brains,
And study out the question
Of who shall hold the reins ;
Then order out the piper
And gather all the clan,
And everyone get ready
To vote for our own “Lan.”

For “Lan’s” the man that means to do
The very best he can
To help this dear old Canada,
Like any honest man.
“To live and let live” be the cry ;
So young men, cast your vote,
And say, “Hurrah for Canada !”
From every honest throat.



MASONIC LORE.

A chain around the world of mystic lore ;
A string of golden links from shore to shore ;
A noble brotherhood, with outstretched hand,
To help a Mason brother
In a far-off land.
A temple white with mystic light,
Where square and compass jewelled round,
And symbol as of yore and magic signs are found.

Where honor's shield they all must wield,
And pledge with knightly zeal
This noble Order to uphold
Where'er they see its seal.
With kindly grace and noble mien,
They give the magic sign ;
And honor all its strange degrees,
With apron, book and shrine.

Their banner waves o'er every land,
With grand historic fame ;
Their fetters all are links of love
That form a golden chain.
Leader of all the noble bands
That seek to prove the worth
Of unity and brotherhood
On this old Mother Earth.

This Order stands like solid rock
Of stone so strong and firm,
And he who would a Mason be
Will only have to learn
That honor, courage, truth, and trust
Are all Masonic lore,
While faith in the all-seeing Eye
Unlocks the golden door.



AN ODDFELLOW'S ODE.

Tune : "God Save the King."

Our heart and voice we raise
To Thee, O Lord, in praise,
 And ask Thy help
To strengthen every link ;
That we may never shrink
From duty, though we think
 It may be hard.

Let Friendship, Love, and Truth,
Be ever held as proof
 Of how we try
To govern this our band ;
As brothers hand in hand,
Our banner through the land
 Shall wave on high.

For countless years, we're told,
Our brothers young and old,
 In unity,
Have worked with right goodwill,
Through all, both good and ill ;
And may we do so still,
 Lord, with Thy help.

God bless all brothers dear,
Help, comfort them, and cheer
 Them on their way !
And grant that through the land
Our Order strong may stand,
United as a band,
 Fraternally.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.

*Respectfully dedicated to Niagara Falls Encampment, No. 23, and
Niagara Falls Lodge, No. 55, I. O. O. F.*

Sow the seed of friendship
Deep within your heart,
No matter what your path in life
Let it take a part.

It matters not a penny
Whether you have wealth or no,
There's many ways to help a friend,
Try—you will find it so.

Give him a friendly greeting
When you meet him, and what's more,
Let him see you really mean it
If you never did before.

For friendship meaneth kindness,
And kindness often sends
Glimpses of sunlight o'er the path
Of those you call your friends.

So let not a chance slip by
Of doing a good turn when you can;
If not as brother to brother,
Do it as man to man.

Perhaps that friendship may blossom
Into the word called love,
Something so sweet and true
It must have been sent from above

To gladden the heart of man
As he journeys along through life,—
It may be with friend or brother;
It may be his child or his wife.

Where friendship and love abide,
There truth will always be;
The noblest aim that you can have
Is to entwine the three

Within your heart, as link in link,
Never to slip undone;
But keep the three as sacred,
As if they were but one.

Such fetters as these will never gall,
But give you peace and joy;
A blessing which money cannot buy,
Nor age cannot alloy.

Friendship, love and truth,
Long may they ever stay
The motto of Oddfellowship,
For ever and for aye.

HAMILTON, February 14th, 1883.

THE DAUGHTERS OF REBECCA.

Written at the Organization of the Society, 1880.

A vision dawns upon the minds
Of brothers young and old,
Of how Rebeccas could assist
If linked within the fold.

Behold! a table well stocked o'er
With viands set in state,
And that, well yes, we know
They all can that appreciate.

Ah, well! we are all mortal,
And rather earthly too,
To judge by how the tables look
When all at last are through.

Another vision follows on,
Where woman's hand and heart
Combined could help when called upon
And nobly do her part.

When illness, suffering, or distress
Are brought within her sphere,
What better than a woman's heart
And hand to help and cheer?

Could we know where help was needed
None more ready you would find
Than the Daughters of Rebecca,
Both by acts and words combined.

We may still be weak in numbers,
But in unity be strong ;
And when we know our duty
'Tis like knowing right from wrong.

“Ever ready” is our password
Ever willing is our boast ;
And when duty calls, like soldiers,
You will find us at our post.



Christmas Carols.

HAIL, MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Thrice blessed day of all the year,
That brings to us goodwill and cheer,
Making the heart of young and old
Beat with a pulse of joy untold.

Ring out, ye bells, both far and near,
Let all the world your story hear !

Goodwill to man and peace on earth
On this, the day of Jesus' birth.

Let everyone go forth that day
And in his heart this let him say,

" I'll bring a smile to someone's eye,
To gladden someone's heart I'll try."

And should success attend that wish
'Twill bring with it a ray of bliss
To warm our heart and make it light,
As sunshine makes the morning bright.

A hand to help a neighbor reached
Is better than a sermon preached
By many an eloquent divine,
Because it brings a heart near thine.

O happy, happy Christmastide,
When gates of love are opened wide
That peace and joy may enter in
And tune the heart and tongue to sing

The story that the angels sang,
Of peace on earth, goodwill to man !
Ye merry Christmas bells ring out,
Till not a heart is left in doubt !

CHRISTMASTIDE.

Tune : "Greenland's Icy Mountains."

O Christmas, dear old Christmas,
Once more we welcome thee,
With all thy joys and pleasures
And friends we've longed to see !
Then, while the bells are ringing
Of peace, goodwill on earth,
Oh, may our hearts be singing
Of happiness and mirth.

O Christmas, merry Christmas,
What time more blest than thou,
When hearts and hands are opened
Thy blessings to bestow ;
When friends send forth their greetings
With words of love and cheer,
And many happy meetings
Of loved ones near and dear !

O Christmas, happy Christmas,
What joys are like to thine,
How all the children greet thee
With happiness divine ;

When eyes aglow with pleasure
And hearts all bright with glee,
To see their Christmas treasure
And hail their Christmas-tree !

Then Christmas, merry Christmas,
We will not thee forget,
But when thy joys are over
We will be happy yet.
So, bells, ring out the glory
Of joy and peace on earth,
While children sing the story
Of Christ, their Saviour's birth.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Ring out, ye merry Christmas bells !
Ring out the old, old story,
Of peace on earth, goodwill to man,—
Age has not dimmed its glory.

The Saviour's message to the world,
List to its glorious strain ;
Go, send it forth o'er all the earth ;
Sing, choirs, its glad refrain !

O blessed, blessed, Christmas Day,
The day of Jesus's birth !
Lives there a heart so stern and cold
That does not know its worth ?

The day when loving hands are clasped,
When messages and gifts are sent
From friend to friend, with loving words,
When all on Christmas joys are bent.

When children's little eyes are bright
And little hearts are filled with glee,
Thinking of dear old Santa Claus,
Or of the coming Christmas-tree.

Then ring, ye merry Christmas bells,
And banish gloom and sadness ;
Ring in the joy and mirth and song,
Ring in both love and gladness !

Hark to the strain, " Forgive, forgive ! "

To-day the earth rejoices ;
The story of our Saviour King
Is sung by a million voices.

Then " Merry Christmas " ring the bells,
This is their Christmas story,—
Of peace on earth, goodwill to man,
As they fill the air with glory.

AN ANGEL'S MESSAGE.

Lowly bending, heavenward sending,
Sing, ye choirs, the glad refrain !
“ Peace, goodwill ! ” your voices blending,
Echo answers back the strain.

Lowly manger, Christmas morning,
Blest, oh, blest, that little child !
He whose brow the crown adorning,
Came as teacher, meek and mild.

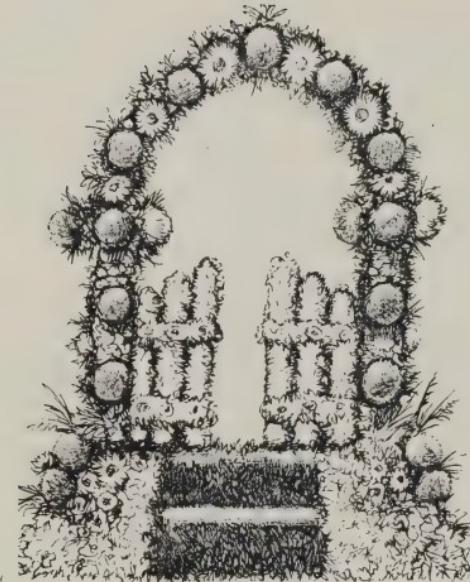
He who was so kind and faithful,
Ever teaching peace and love ;
Though His people, so ungrateful,
Scorned the leaf and scorned the dove.

But although an old, old story,
And though years have passed away,
Still the bells ring out their glory
On this blessed Christmas Day.

Still we hear the anthem glorious,
“ Peace on earth, goodwill to man,”
While that Babe, o'er earth victorious,
Blessed the words the angels sang.

Let all hearts be filled with gladness
On this blessed Christmas morn ;
Banish all of gloom and sadness,
The angel's message do not scorn.

Make some heavy heart the lighter,
Sow some little seed of love ;
Christmas Day will then be brighter,
Speed the message from above.



In Memoriam.

In loving memory of Clara May Guerin, died April 24th, 1903.

A VOICE FROM PARADISE.

A soul went up from this world of sin
To the gates of heaven, and entered in ;
And the angels welcomed our darling one,
For the Lord had called and bade her come ;
And now, methinks, we see her stand
In her heavenly robes at God's right hand.

And though a tear may dim my eye,
And though my heart may breathe a sigh,
I know that pain and sorrow cease,
My loved one lies at rest—in peace ;
And though the voice I loved is still,
I know it is the dear Lord's will.

And now there comes to my list'ning ear
A voice from paradise, soft and clear,
Telling of rest, and joy, and love,
In the beautiful home she has found above ;
And through the years my love will wait
To welcome me in through the golden gate.

—MOTHER.

OUR DARLING LITTLE DOLLY.

Died April 24th, 1903.

Sleep, my tired darling ;
 Sleep, my love, and rest
Safe in the beautiful sunshine,
 Safe on the dear Lord's breast.

And now, with crown and harp of gold,
 Up through the heaven's blue dome,
I hear the voice of my Dolly dear
 Singing of "Home, sweet home."

And the dear little fairy fingers
 That flew o'er the ivory keys,
Making such floods of melody
 Float through the evening breeze.

Such a faithful, tender little heart,
 So staunch, so true, and brave ;
Just a tired little soldier
 We have followed to the grave.

She prayed for sleep to the dear good Lord,
 Forever and ever and ever ;
And he came at last with a flaming sword,
 And the bonds of life he severed.

And he took our tired darling
 Away from this world of pain ;
And though our loss is—oh, so hard,
 We know it is her gain.

Loved by all who knew her
 For her winning ways so bright,
Out of the darkness, my darling,
 Into the beautiful light

We bid little “Auntie Tolly”
 A last, a long good-bye.
“Thy will be done”—’tis hard to say,
 But oh, dear Lord, we’ll try.

—MOTHER.

W. B. CROY.

Died July 6th, 1903.

The reaper Death came forth
With hour-glass and scythe,
And severed all the bonds
That we on earth call life ;
And now he lies, so still and cold,
With flowers upon his breast,
And we can only say farewell
And leave him to his rest.

Gone in the summer of his life,
When everything looked bright,
Scarcely a warning e're the clouds
Darkened into the night ;
Then pain and suffering held their sway
Till an angel came to guide
Our dear one up to paradise,
Where the gates were open wide.

For we know that death is life
Where pain and sorrow cease,
Where the cross is changed for crown
And the weary are at peace ;
But why this cruel blow ?
Alas ! we cannot tell ;
We only know, dear Lord,
Thou doest all things well.

But we never, never can forget,—
We whom he called his friends,—
The many, many happy hours
That in our memory blends
With his cheerful, kindly smile
And his merry, genial ways
That have cheered his friends
Full many a time in the
Happy, by-gone days.

And now, dear friend, farewell !
Thou hast only gone before,
Gone to that land where all must go,
That far-off unknown shore.
May we find our loved ones waiting
Ready there to take our hand,
And lead us through the golden gate
To join that happy band.

LILIAN DORIS EDDY.

Died May 22nd, 1902.

A tiny little babe to us was sent,
A lily-blossom, but 'twas only lent
To twine around our hearts a band of love,
And then God called her to her home above.

Too frail a flower to stem the tide of life,
Too frail to stand its ills, its storms and strife,
And so an angel came with crown of gold
And took our little lamb into the fold.

And now a link of love between our hearts and
heaven,
Perhaps for that our darling babe was given ;
And though our hearts with pain and sorrow ache,
We would not if we could our darling wake.

For pain and suffering now at last are o'er,
Our darling babe has reached the far-off shore,
And God, who took her, surely knoweth best ;
Then sleep, dear Lilian : sleep, dear love, and rest.

And in our hearts that love will always live,
Thy little soul came down on earth to give ;
Thy memory in our hearts will always cling,
Though time, we know, will take away the sting.

And now we humbly bow unto His will,
Who said unto the waters, " Peace, be still " ;
And say the words that are so hard to say,
" Thy will be done, dear Lord," we humbly pray.

GEORGE FREDERICK COLTHURST.

Died December 31st, 1882.

Gone, dear George, but not forgotten
By the friends who loved you well ;
Gone, in all your bright young manhood,
With angelic hosts to dwell.

And perchance on New Year's morning
You were singing up on high,
While your dear ones here were weeping
Bitter tears with many a sigh

To see their darling lying there
So calm, so still, and cold,
The very sunshine of the house
In happy days of old.

Many a tear and many a sorrow
 You are spared—all this we know,
And yet your friends—they number legion—
 Weep to think you had to go.

We loved you for your many virtues,
 Kindness being to the fore ;
“ Always ready, always willing,”
 Was the motto that you bore.

And the dear ones sadly mourning
 For a brother, son, and friend,
Have our sympathy in sorrow,
 With the tributes that we send.

Alas ! it is the last sad token
 Ere they lay you down to rest,
And their hearts are well-nigh broken,
 But God took him,—He knows best.

And although they'll miss you sadly
 As the months and years pass on,
May God help them in their trouble,
 Help them say, “ Thy will be done.”

HAMILTON, January 2nd, 1883.

EDITH L. DURDAN.

Died March 16th, 1897.

Sleep, beloved, sleep !
Thou hast ceased to weep,
Weary hands at rest,
Soul among the blest.

Thou hast won the crown,
Thou the cross laid down,
Loving heart and true,
As thy dear friends knew.

Foremost in the fight
Battling for the right,
With a willing hand
Ever taking stand.

Honor's brightest shield
Ever didst thou wield,
Firm and faithful friend,
Ever to the end.

Precious gems of thought
Thou indeed hast taught ;
Loving, kind and just
In thy place of trust.

Who will fill thy place ?
Who thy steps retrace ?
God alone can tell—
He doeth all things well.

Alas ! and can it be
We never more shall see
Thy dear face here on earth ?
And yet we knew thy worth.

And as the years go by
With many a weary sigh,
Our hearts are sore with pain,
Though death has been thy gain.

And all thy loved ones know,
Though bitter tears now flow,
That God, indeed, knows best,
And He has given thee rest.

MONTREAL, March 16th, 1897.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF MARY GUERIN
MURRAY.

Died May 28th, 1901.

The Angel of Life and the Angel of Death
Were hovering side by side,
While the clouds seemed gathered in smaller space,
Seeming the sun to hide;

And as we watched with bitter pain
Our loved one passing away,
Our hearts with pain and sorrow ached ;
But we knew our tears were vain.

For the Angel of Death victorious sang,
As he held aloft the crown,
“ Farewell ! farewell to sorrow and pain,
For your loved one stricken down ! ”

She had waited with Christian patience
For the Angel of Death to come
And lay her tired hands at rest,
For her work on earth was done.

And she longed for the Better Land,
That land of peace and rest,
And God in His mercy called her :
For indeed He knoweth best.

But memory brings from Shadowland
The sound of a voice that is still,
And we feel the touch of a vanished hand
While our eyes with tear-drops fill.

And often in the quiet hours,
Though we see the sun's bright gleam,
Our loved ones come from Shadowland
To our memory—like a dream.

VIVIAN ALICE METCALFE.

Died 1899

She has burst her bonds asunder,
She has flown to the realms of light,
Our pure and spotless darling,
All clad in her robes of white.

The Lord in His tender mercy
Has taken her into His fold ;
For He loves the dear little children
As He did in the days of old.

All suffering and sorrow are over,
And she peacefully lies at rest,
Calm and cold, but, oh, so still,
With the flowers upon her breast.

Herself the fairest flower of all,
With her calm, sweet eyes of blue ;
Like a broken lily our darling lies,
Our blossom so tender and true.

We would not ask her back again,
Although our hearts are aching ;
But smile through tears like a summer day,
When the sun through a cloud is breaking.

For the Shepherd has taken our dear little lamb
And will shelter her safe on His breast,
And we'll try to say, "Thy will be done,"
For the dear Lord knoweth best.

MONTREAL.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"Only a preacher, nothing more,"
He was heard to say in the days of yore ;
But now, methinks, we can see him stand
In his heavenly robes at God's right hand.

He preached of sin for humanity's sake,
Telling what sorrow and grief were at stake ;
Preaching of earth more than heaven or hell,
Knowing 'twas there his hearers did dwell.

Telling them wickedness meant something more
Than the wreck of a soul on a rock-bound shore ;
For others must share the sorrow and pain
That sin and wickedness bring in their train.

Only a preacher, but, oh, so great,
No room in his soul for envy or hate ;
It was filled with love for his fellow-man,
His motto was, "Do all the good that you can."

His platform was broad, his views were wide,
For God and right were both on his side ;
And now he has gone to his well-earned rest,—
“Only a preacher,” but safe with the blest.

Oh, ye preachers, throughout the earth,
Gold is but dross beside your worth ;
For ye can speak to the sin-sick soul,
Telling the haven of rest, the goal.

Then gather the flocks kindly into the fold,
As our Saviour did in the days of old,
By showing the meaning of wrong and right,
How the one will bless and the other will blight.

TORONTO, 1887.

GENERAL GRANT.

The hero of his country,
So staunch, so true and brave,
Is laid, alas ! where all must lay,
Within his narrow grave.

He quailed not when the trumpet
Called the soldiers to the field ;
But when God's trumpet called him
This hero needs must yield.

How well he knew the message
Was speeding on its way,
But still his courage failed him not,
Though suffering held its sway.

The path of duty cheered him on,
Though flickering was the flame ;
His mind and will were ever strong,
Though sickness racked his frame.

That frame, so strong in days gone by,
With honest heart and hand,
Who when the voice of duty called
Would firmly take his stand.

And then, when praise was given,
Was heard to nobly say,
“There’s lots of other men could do
What I did, any day.”

But now, alas ! he is not here,
This hero of the earth,
Perhaps a hero up on high,
For God must know his worth.

And his dear wife the sympathy
Of all her friends has got,
And many, many more besides,
Although she knows them not.

And on the page of history,
When years have passed away,
The name of General Grant will stand
As bright as it does to-day.

MONTREAL, August 1st, 1885.

